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FRESHMAN BONERS

Miracle plays were about saints and virgins with elaborate settings.

(Sir Edward) Dante is a writer of the 16th century who wrote the **Count of Monte Cristo**.

Tamburlaine is a musical instrument which was used to accompany the lyrics and songs written in the 16th century.

Question: Identify Holyhead.

Answer: At this time people were divided into two classes, the round heads, and the holy heads.

Milton has accomplished the **dirty work** by writing **Paradise Lost**. He has done remarkably well by having part of this good. Some day another will write a book on the same subject using Milton's bases and it will be good.

Petrarch was a poet who expanded the depressed lover to his esteemed lady in 14 line sonnet form.

Shakespeare was serious. He also had reflexivity.

Saga: a old wise man.

It was a success through the iron hand of Shakespeare.

Morte de Author was the story written about the Life of Author from beginning to end and the author was Malory.

The five University Wits made the last stage of development that really set the stage for Shakespeare when he arrived on the scene.

The cook liked to eat garlic and drink rotten wine.

The University Wits were great adders to the drama.

Maggie Lawns

Irvin Caplin

More than ten years ago, when I first became conscious of things about me and remembered happenings from one day to the next, tales about Maggie Lawns were fixed in my memory.

Maggie Lawns lived in a one room shack which stood in the center of the lot later named after her. No one remembered when she first came to live there. No one knew where she came from. She never worked, and yet she always had enough money to pay the corner grocer. This was all that was known about her.

Weird stories concerning Maggie Lawns circulated in our neighborhood. Some said that she was more than two hundred years old. Others said that she was a witch and associated with the devil. Since she always paid her bills, many thought her an immortal who had come to this world disguised as the ugly old woman that she was. She was blamed for every misfortune that took place. There were many who suggested that she be driven from the neighborhood, but there were none who were willing to do the driving. She was a topic of discussion at every community gathering, from the meeting of our Rinky-Dinks to the meeting of the Women's Sewing Society.

I was returning from a meeting of the Rinky-Dinks one summer night after an entire evening spent gossiping about Maggie Lawns. She had been pictured as the most wicked and the ugliest woman alive, and now I must pass her lot in order to reach my home.

As I neared the lot, I could see the one-room shack which was made visible by a full moon overhead. The shack was dimly lighted, and I could hear what seemed to be the meowing of a thousand cats. I lowered my

head and ran as fast as I could toward home.

"Crash!" I had bumped into Maggie Lawns herself! I stared into her face. Her forehead and eyes were covered with strands of grey hair. Those eyes! They seemed black in the moonlight. On her head she wore a large nondescript black hat. Between her teeth she held a corn-cob pipe. Her face was covered with wrinkles which deepened about her mouth. But those eyes! I could not look away. I stood helplessly staring up into them.

Then, with a coarse laugh, she took my hand in hers and pulled me toward the shack. Her hand felt warm against mine, and the many wrinkles I felt on it reminded me of a chicken's skin. Although the night was warm, I shivered. I became aware of the meowing again as we approached the shack. Maggie Lawns opened the door. It creaked on its hinges. As we entered, I saw cats. I saw cats everywhere. Grey cats! Black cats! Striped cats! Spotted cats! Yellow cats! One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—seventeen cats in all.

Maggie Lawns brought me out of my daze by directing me to sit on her bed. It was then that I noticed the remainder of the room. The bed was pushed against the wall. It was covered with dirty, worn sheets, and felt extremely hard when I sat down. In the center of the room stood a small table which was bare, and upon it stood a dimly lighted kerosene lamp. Maggie seated herself beside this table in an old worn easy-chair. Many of the boards of the bare floor were broken. There was no other furniture in the room; yet it seemed crowded. The entire shack seemed made up of broken boards, a bed, a table, a lamp, a chair, and seventeen cats.

Maggie Lawns began to pet a large black cat which had jumped upon the table. She seemed to have

forgotten completely about me. She began to mumble.

"I suppose people think I was always old and ugly," she was saying. "Well, I was young once and married to a rich man . . ." She stopped and glanced over at me. "Oh, what does a child know about life?" she added with a shrug. I can still see her as she sat stroking that black cat.

She glanced at me again. Then she rose from her chair and beckoned to me. As I came to her, she reached into a worn purse and took out a nickel. She placed the nickel in my hand, and again I thought of a chicken's skin when she touched me. She led me to the door and told me to be a good boy.

I ran home to relate breathlessly my story. Everyone in the neighborhood knew of my adventure by morning and much speculation concerning the identity of Maggie Lawns followed. A rich noblewoman? A princess? Some said she must have been a queen.

From all this came the rumor that Maggie Lawns had a treasure which she had hidden somewhere on the lot. This rumor became a legend, and the fact that it began as a rumor was soon forgotten.

Six months after my adventure, Maggie Lawns died. The usual gossip could be heard everywhere. She would go to Heaven! She would certainly go to the devil! Even the devil would not accept her. Be that as it may, the sidewalks were crowded with curious people when a team of horses drawing a wagon came to get her body. She was placed in a plain black casket and shoved into the wagon. As the horses pulled her body away, seventeen cats followed the slowly moving wagon.

But Maggie Lawns was not forgotten. The lot upon which her home once stood was named after her.

There was careful search for the treasure which might lie hidden some-

where on the lot. Maggie Lawns' shack was torn to pieces. Every square inch of ground was examined, but nothing was found.

Later, the lot was used as the general meeting ground for the Rinky-Dinks. All out-door sports were centered about Maggie Lawns. All congregating took place there. In the winter it was the scene of huge bonfires. There was never a dull moment at Maggie Lawns. Someone was always there. Maybe there was a fight. Usually a baseball or a football game was in progress. Sometimes, there was a game of dice. The first place any boy in the neighborhood went after school, after lunch, after supper, was to Maggie Lawns.

For almost five years Maggie Lawns remained the center of activity. Then a new lot, much larger and not so far away, was found. Gradually it became what it is today: a small insignificant lot covered with tall weeds, used chiefly as a dumping ground. Old Maggie Lawns herself is forgotten.

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Individualism

Lucile Broich

I like Carl Sandburg. I like his sincerity, his "home-iness," and the way he controls an audience. He talked for an hour and forty minutes, and it seemed as if he had just begun; as if only a few minutes had elapsed since the time he stood up modestly by the small speaker's stand, shook back his straggling hair, and boomed forth his introduction in a surprisingly deep voice. It is not every speaker (even among the famous writers) who could hold an audience of critical women in a state of tense interest for such a long time. Everyone listened with perfect attention. They were afraid they might miss something that that tall gray-haired man was saying.

When Mr. Sandburg stopped talking to tune his guitar, the sudden stir of physical relaxation that came from the audience was comical. Then the entire audience, after one rustling wave of motion, settled itself in readiness for another period of concentration. An onlooker would have enjoyed watching the rapt expressions of some of these blase girls, except that he never could have dragged his eyes from the stage.

After the performance I waited to help escort Mr. Sandburg to the tea given in his honor. He loosened the strings on his guitar, put it in its case, and came down to the place where he had left his hat and coat. Out of a mammoth side picket he drew a dark muffler which he carefully placed around his neck with the two ends trailing down the back. There it hung while he told the history of one of the songs he had sung. I was worried. I had never seen a muffler worn that way. However, I needn't have become excited about it. Presently he crossed the ends and brought them around in front again, and there he was, all bundled up, and proof against the zero breezes of outdoors. Not even the most sly draught could hope to reach the Sandburg larynx.

After all, the way in which a man ties his muffler is his own business, but that muffler told me something about Carl Sandburg and his poetry. He is an individualist. In this day when it seems as if one monotonous pattern is used over and over, cutting out the whole bunch of us, he dares to be himself. Of course, he can do that with better grace than a less famous person like the writer of this article. The public enjoys a certain eccentricity in its idols—at least, I do. I am convinced that he is not pretending, not putting on an "individual mask" to please the public, his admirers. He is just himself and his personality is probably his best poem done in the vers libre of individualism.